



10c

ALL NEW STORIES

FEB. NO. 225

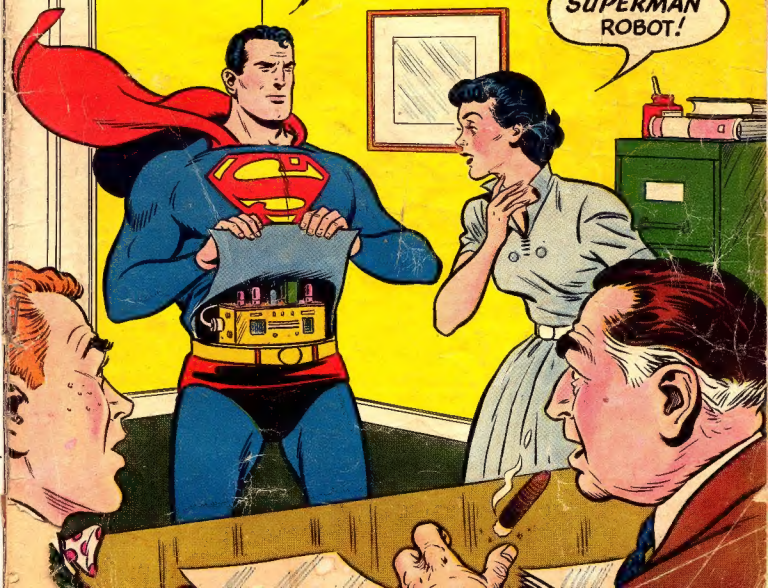


ACTION COMICS

Featuring
**"The DEATH of
SUPERMAN!"**

YOU MUST ALL KEEP
THIS SECRET! *SUPERMAN*
IS DEAD-- BUT BEFORE
HE DIED, HE BUILT ME
TO TAKE HIS PLACE!

GREAT
HEAVENS!
A LIFE-LIKE
SUPERMAN
ROBOT!



"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T IN YOUR FISTS"

Says **JOE LOUIS**, Great World Champion

I wish you could come to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters with me . . . see how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit.

Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted Kluszewski, of the Cincinnati Reds show his surefire method to remove fat. Want powerful shoulders? Football star Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results . . . **FAST!**

If you want to be a star athlete or look like one . . . let famous Stars show you how. It's simple. It's easy. Find out how we can make you a *real man* in 15 minutes a day.

Extra! I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10c—so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench—and into the game. Send me the coupon below right now!

Sincerely,

Joe Louis

LET 20 GREAT STARS GIVE YOU...POWER SKILL, CONFIDENCE

Now, for the first time, famous Champions train you . . . coach you . . . and help you command the respect of your friends!

TED KLUSZEWSKI gives you his sure-fire method to loosen up for action for baseball and football . . . **EASY**

BOB COUSY shows you how to develop stamina . . . sharpen your speed and coordination for basketball . . . handball . . . **LOTS OF FUN**

YOGI BERRA, the American League's most valuable player, builds up your confidence . . .

KID GAVILAN reveals his secrets of split second timing, increases your resistance . . .

PAUL GIEL gives you tremendous leg power and toughens you up for football.

Win new popularity. Guaranteed to add solid inches to your chest. Easy . . . At Home . . . In less than 15 minutes a day!

"THANKS" TO THE CHAMPS

"I just had to send you this snapshot showing my new muscles!"
—Robert Colville, Union City, N. J.

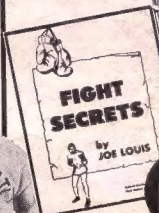
"I was big and soft. Now I'm strong and sure of myself . . . nobody pushes me around!" —Bob Rumbold, Marietta, Ohio

"Thanks for helping me. It feels good winning, instead of losing all the time!"
—Victor Mannachio, Montreal, Canada

*Are
You...*

- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on

Then do exactly as Joe and his Champion Staff of Instructors tell you. For full facts send coupon below.



ENCLOSE
10c

ACT NOW!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

JOE LOUIS, c/o NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL, DEPT. AZ-126
33 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Dear Joe:

☐ Please send me absolutely FREE a full and complete explanation of how The National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.

☐ Enclosed is 10c. Include your famous Fight Secrets.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



**THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS SPONSORED BY
THE NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL**

33 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York Dept. AZ-126

SUPERMAN

IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED WITH YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR AND CLOSE FRIEND. YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW HIM. THEN ONE DAY YOU MADE THE SHOCKING DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS SOMETHING SO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT YOU COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED IT. WELL--THAT WAS HOW THE ENTIRE WORLD FELT ON THAT UNFORGETTABLE DAY WHEN THE CREATURE THEY BELIEVED TO BE THE MAN OF STEEL REVEALED THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH ABOUT...

THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN

AND TO THINK (CHOKES!) WE NEVER KNEW THAT THE REAL SUPERMAN GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HUMANITY TWO YEARS AGO!

AND THIS ROBOT WAS WHAT WAS TAKING HIS PLACE!



ACTION COMICS, No. 225, February, 1957. Published monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address

Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. ©1956 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

ONE MORNING, IN A CORRIDOR OF THE METROPOLIS PRISON HOSPITAL...

I HATE **SUPERMAN**!
I HATE **SUPERMAN**!
HE'LL NEVER HAVE
THE SATISFACTION OF
FINDING OUT!

IT'S AWFUL!
SUCH HATRED
FROM A DYING
MAN!



AT THE **DAILY PLANET** THAT EVENING, AS
REPORTER LOIS LANE EXAMINES THE
PAPER'S LATEST HEADLINES...

SO, NOW WE'LL
NEVER LEARN WHERE
THAT MISSING MONEY
IS, CLARK!



JUST BECAUSE **SUPERMAN**
CAPTURED THE GANG, THE LAST
SURVIVOR REFUSED TO GIVE
HIM THE SATISFACTION OF
LOCATING THE LOOT!

WELL, I'M
NOT GIVING UP
YET. IN FACT,
I'M DETERMINED
MORE THAN EVER,
TO FIND THE
LOOT. SEE YOU,
LOIS!



IF CLARK THINKS
HE'S THE ONLY
ONE STILL HOPEFUL
OF FINDING THAT
LOOT, HE'S MIS-
TAKEN. I'VE GOT A
FEW IDEAS ON THAT
MYSELF, AND NOW
THAT HE'S GONE,
I GUESS I'D
BETTER GET
MOVING...



LATER THAT EVENING, AT THE CLUB 16,
AN UNDERWORLD HANGOUT...

HMM... I CAME HERE PLANNING TO
KEEP MY EYES AND EARS OPEN FOR
LEADS. AND THERE GOES THE THIRD
PAIR OF MOB LEADERS ENTERING
THAT PRIVATE OFFICE TONIGHT. IT'S
SOME SORT OF UNDERWORLD CONFER-
ENCE I MUST FIND OUT ABOUT...



SLIPPING OUT, LOIS PRESENTLY MAKES
HER WAY TO THE CLUB ROOF FROM
THAT OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING...

WHY--WHY--THOSE STRANGE LOOK-
ING ROCKS THE CLUB OWNER IS
HANDING OUT TO THE OTHER GANG
LEADERS. THE WAY THEY GLOW!

IT **MUST** BE
KRYPTONITE! LOOKS
AS IF I'VE STUMBLED
ON SOME GANGLAND PLOT
AGAINST **SUPERMAN!**



I'VE GOT TO PRY THIS SKY-
LIGHT OPEN A TRIFLE SO I
CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON
AND WARN **SUPERMAN!**



BUT SUDDENLY...

EEEEEE!

HEY! WHAT--
WHAT'S THIS?



THE MOBSTERS SOON LEARN
WHO THEIR UNEXPECTED VISITOR
IS...

WELL-- WELL-- LOIS LANE,
THE FAMOUS REPORTER.
LUCKY YOU--UH--DROPPED IN
BEFORE YOU HAD A CHANCE
TO WARN **SUPERMAN** ABOUT
OUR LITTLE PLOT. HOWEVER,
WE CAN ARRANGE FOR BOTH
OF YOU TO SPEND YOUR LAST
MOMENTS TOGETHER!



EARLY NEXT MORNING, ON THE ROOF OF ONE OF
THE SUBURBAN BANKS OF METROPOLIS...

WELL, **SUPERMAN'S** BEEN TIPPED OFF
THAT WE'RE GOING TO ROB THIS BANK
BY HELICOPTER BEFORE IT OPENS THIS
MORNING. HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON,
AND FALL FOR OUR KRYPTONITE TRAP.

GET BACK UNDER
THE LEAD SHIELD.
HERE HE COMES
NOW!



ONCE HE'S WITHIN TEN FEET
OF THAT COPTER WITH LOIS
LANE IN IT, THE KRYPTONITE
BENEATH THE BLADES WILL
KNOCK HIM OUT AND HE'LL
CRASH THROUGH IT LIKE A
TON OF ROCKS AND FALL
THROUGH THE BANK'S ROOF.
THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET
INTO THE VAULT!



MEANWHILE, PLACED IN
THE HELICOPTER SEAT...

THOSE CROOKS THINK I
WON'T DARE SHOUT A
WARNING TO **SUPERMAN**.
BUT I'VE GOT TO OR WE'RE
BOTH FINISHED!

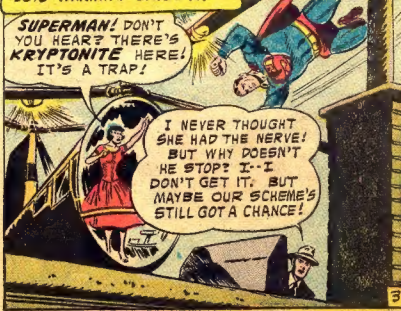
SUPERMAN! BACK!
IT'S A TRAP!
THERE'S KRYPTONITE
HERE! KRYPTONITE!



WHILE PANIC FREEZES THE HIDDEN GANGSTERS, THE
MAN OF STEEL SOMEHOW FAILS TO HEED
LOIS' WARNING CRIES...

SUPERMAN! DON'T
YOU HEAR? THERE'S
KRYPTONITE HERE!
IT'S A TRAP!

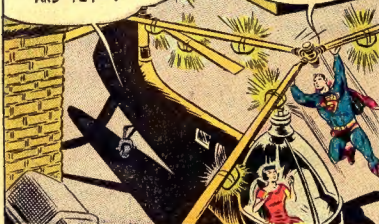
I NEVER THOUGHT
SHE HAD THE NERVE!
BUT WHY DOESN'T
HE STOP? I--I
DON'T GET IT. BUT
MAYBE OUR SCHEME'S
STILL GOT A CHANCE!



BUT, INSTEAD OF COLLAPSING AS HE SEIZES THE KRYPTONITE-TAINTED BLADES OF THE 'COPTER...

S-SUPERMAN: THAT SHAFT IS LOADED WITH KRYPTONITE! AND YET--!

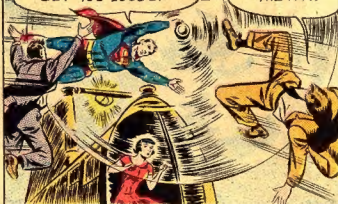
RELAX, LOIS. THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



HOLDING THE SHAFT, SUPERMAN GIVES A MIGHTY SPIN TO THE GREAT BLADES AS HE WHIRLS IN A SEMI-CIRCLE...

JUST LET ME DRAW THESE MEN OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES WITH A REVERSE TWIST OF THESE BLADES. AND THEN I'LL GET YOU LOOSE!

H-HELP! I'M BEING PULLED STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR!



BUT THE BLADES' VACUUM POWER IS STOPPED JUST IN TIME AS...

CLOSE ENOUGH! NOW TO SECURE THESE HOODLUMS FOR THE POLICE AND GET YOU FREE, LOIS!



LATER, THE MOBSTERS JAILED, THE MAN OF STEEL TRANSPORTS A VERY PUZZLED LOIS TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

B-BUT, SUPERMAN I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I KNOW THAT STUFF WAS REAL KRYPTONITE! YET, IT DIDN'T AFFECT YOU ONE BIT!

YES, IT WAS REAL. BUT IT CAN NEVER AFFECT SUPERMAN AGAIN!



W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? HAVE YOU FOUND SOME KIND OF ANTIDOTE FOR THE RADIATIONS?

MAYBE IT'S TIME I TOLD YOU. BUT IT'S GOT TO BE IN STRICT CONFIDENCE. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE IS EMPTY. LET'S STEP IN THERE.



ALL RIGHT, LOIS. I THINK YOU'D BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK. BECAUSE THE REASON THAT KRYPTONITE DIDN'T AFFECT ME IS-- I AM NOT SUPERMAN!

WHAT? NOW LOOK-- THIS KIND OF JOKE ISN'T VERY FUNNY!





IT'S NO JOKE, LOIS. SEE FOR YOURSELF!

G-GREAT HEAVENS! A-- A ROBOT!



EXACTLY--THE MOST COMPLEX. ROBOT. EVER CONSTRUCTED. EQUIPPED BEHIND THIS RUBBERIZED MASK OF A FACE, WITH THE MOST PERFECT MECHANICAL BRAIN EVER INVENTED.

AMAZING! ONLY **SUPERMAN** COULD HAVE MADE SUCH A ROBOT!



BUT WHY? NOT JUST TO SAVE HIMSELF WORK, SURELY.

OH, NO. SOME YEARS BACK, **SUPERMAN** BEGAN TO WORRY ABOUT A SHARP RISE IN CRIME IF SOMETHING EVER SHOULD HAPPEN TO HIM. SO HE HIT ON THE IDEA OF A PERFECT ROBOT TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND CARRY ON HIS WORK. AND HERE I AM!



B-BUT-- WAIT! ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT SOMETHING **DID** HAPPEN TO **SUPERMAN**? WHEN? AND HOW? WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY WHEN I SAW HIM HE SEEMED PERFECTLY--OH-OH! OR WAS IT YOU--THE ROBOT REPLACEMENT?

IT'S BEEN ME FOR A LONG TIME, LOIS. **YEARS**, IN FACT!



SUDDENLY, AS LOIS REALIZES THE FULL IMPORT OF THE SUPER-ROBOT'S STARTLING WORDS...

AT LAST-- (CHOKES!)-- I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND. THERE IS NO MORE **SOB**-- **SUPERMAN!** HE--HE'S DEAD! AND ALL THIS TIME I (SOB!) NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED...

AND YOU UNDERSTAND, LOIS, WHY NO ONE ELSE MUST SUSPECT, EITHER!



SUPERMAN DID TELL ME, AT A SUITABLE TIME, I COULD TELL YOU. BUT IF THE TRUTH GETS AROUND, ALL OF HIS WORK AND FORETHOUGHT IN LEAVING ME TO CARRY ON FOR HIM WOULD BE WASTED...

I--I UNDERSTAND... (CHOKES!) BUT TELL ME-- HOW DID HE D-DIE?

BUT SUDDENLY...

Y-YES-- (CHOKES!)
H-HOW DID SUPERMAN
DIE? W-WE SIMPLY
HAVE TO KNOW!

OH-- GOOD HEAVENS! THE
CHIEF-- AND JIMMY OLSEN!
H-HOW DID YOU
FIND OUT?

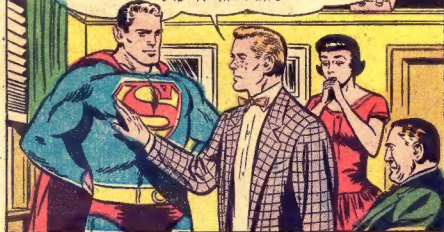


LUCKILY, THE INTERCOM KEY
TO THE STOCKROOM WHERE
WE WERE WAS LEFT OPEN, SO
WE HEARD THE WHOLE THING.

I-I DO HOPE
YOU'LL KEEP
SUPERMAN'S
SECRET,
CHIEF!



I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT. YOU JUST
CAN'T BE A ROBOT! BESIDES-- IT J-JUST
CAN'T BE TRUE THAT A W-WONDERFUL PERSON
L-LIKE **S-SUPERMAN** IS D-DEAD. H-HOW
DID IT HAPPEN?



WAIT! (SIGH!) I THINK I KNOW!
REMEMBER TWO YEARS AGO WHEN
ASTRONOMERS WARNED OF A RUN-
AWAY METEOR SHOWER FROM A
DISTANT GALAXY THAT MIGHT
DESTROY THE
EARTH-- AND
SUPERMAN
WENT OUT TO
PREVENT IT?

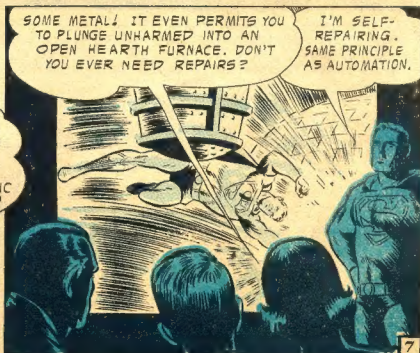
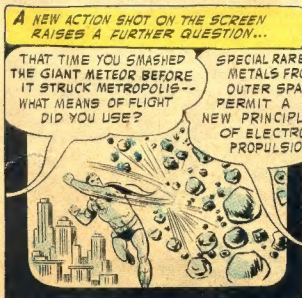
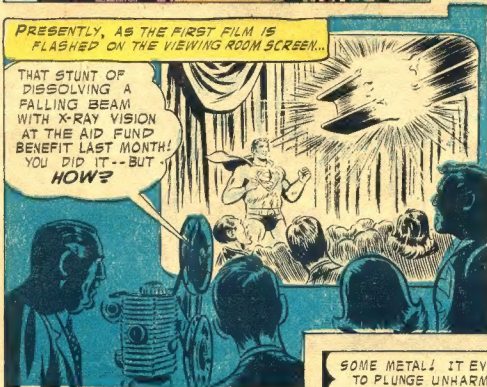


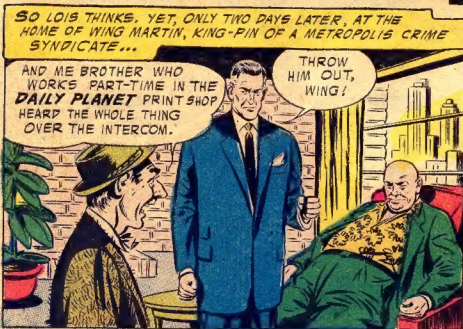
WE WAITED DAYS, AND HE FAILED TO
RETURN. THEN, ONE DAY, HE WALKED
INTO MY OFFICE HERE, BUT HE HAD
LITTLE TO SAY OF WHAT HAD DETAINED
HIM. SO LITTLE, THAT NOW, I WONDER
IF HE EVER **DID** RETURN.



YES! THAT
WAS THE DAY
I FIRST TOOK
SUPERMAN'S
PLACE!







THAT SAME WEEK, ON A STRETCH OF DESERT LAND SOME MILES SOUTH OF METROPOLIS...

A LOT OF FOLKS CAME HERE TO SEE **SUPERMAN** DIG OUT THIS OLD LAKE BOTTOM FOR THE NEW CHILDREN'S CAMP!

THERE GO THE NEWS CAMERAS. GUESS I'D BETTER START, MR. MAYOR!

RESTORATION SITE
LAKE COSMO
CHILDREN'S
DAILY PLANET
AND BRANCH
UNDERMOUNTAIN

FROM THE CENTER OF THE DRY BED, THE **MAN OF STEEL** STARTS TO DIG...

BY DEEPENING THIS BOWL TO THE LEVEL OF THE SUB-SURFACE SPRINGS, THE WHOLE LAKE WILL START FILLING UP AGAIN!

JUST THEN, UNNOTICED ON THE FARTHER RIM OF THE LAKE BED...

IN ANOTHER SECOND, HE'LL HIT THAT MINE WE PLANTED YESTERDAY JUST BELOW THE SURFACE! AND THEN--ZOWIE!

I STILL THINK IT'S ALL A WASTE OF TIME TRYING TO PROVE THE FANTASTIC STORY THAT **SUPERMAN** IS A ROBOT!

SUDDENLY, THE EARTH TREMBLES AS STARTLED WATCHERS SEE...

GREAT HEAVENS! IT--IT'S SOME SORT OF ATOM BLAST!

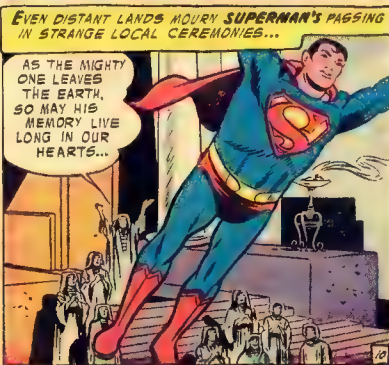
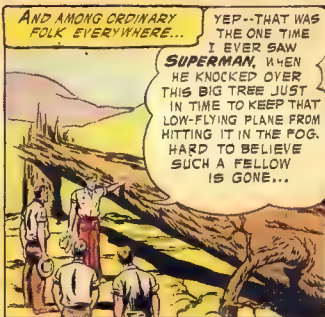
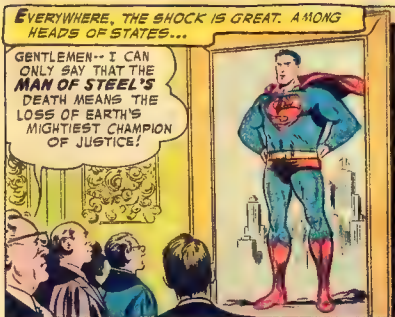
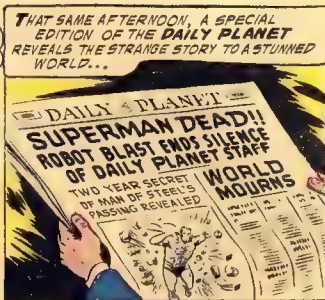
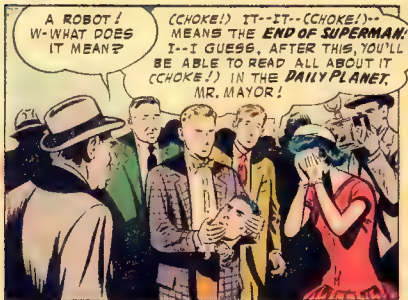
SUPERMAN! WHY--HE MUST HAVE SET IT OFF HIMSELF!

MINUTES PASS WHILE TENSE EYES STRAIN THROUGH THE DISPERSING SMOKE FOR A SIGHT OF **SUPERMAN**. AND THEN...

NO SIGN OF **SUPERMAN** OUT THERE! BUT THE GEIGER COUNTER SHOWS NO SIGNIFICANT RADIOACTIVITY! I'M GOING OUT THERE TO HAVE A LOOK!

PRESENTLY...

LOOK!



AND AT THE DAILY PLANET, AMONG THOSE WHO KNEW HIM CLOSEST...

NOW THAT THE ROBOT IS GONE, TOO, (SIGH!) I'M FIRST BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT SUPERMAN IS GONE-- REALLY GONE!

I DON'T SEE THAT IT HELPS (CHOKES!) TO BROOD ABOUT IT AND KEEP STARING AT THAT RIDICULOUS SOUVENIR! (CHOKES!)



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT AT THE LAW OFFICES OF WENN, WYE, HOWE AND WEIR...

YES, I DO HAVE SUCH A LETTER IN MY SAFE. HERE IT IS. BUT HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW OF IT, MR. KENT?

JUST PART OF MY BUSINESS AS A REPORTER! WELL, MR. WENN. ARE YOU GOING TO OPEN IT?



MY WORD! THIS IS REALLY A SURPRISE! I HAD NO IDEA!

I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET THE POLICE ON THE PHONE RIGHT AWAY. AS FOR ME-- I'M DASHING STRAIGHT OVER TO MY PAPER! WHAT A STORY THIS IS!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

CLARK? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

I TOLD YOU I'D FIND THAT MISSING MULTI-MILLION IN LOOT, AND I DID. IN FACT, RIGHT NOW, THE POLICE ARE PROBABLY DIGGING IT UP!

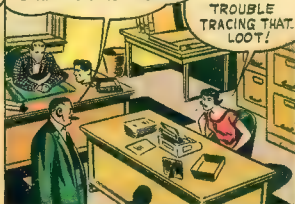


ER-- OF COURSE, I WAS HELPED BY AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS. HE'S WAITING OUT THERE IN THE HALL TO GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE STORY. HE THOUGHT IT BETTER IF I CAME IN FIRST AND PREPARED YOU FOR A SURPRISE!



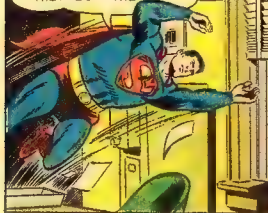
LOOK, I FEEL THE SAME WAY YOU DO ABOUT SUPERMAN. BUT WITH ALL THIS GOING ON, EVERYONE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT CLARK IS STILL MISSING!

GOOD GRACIOUS! THAT'S RIGHT! CLARK MUST HAVE RUN INTO TROUBLE TRACING THAT LOOT!



AS THE OTHERS RUSH TOWARD THE OUTER DOOR, CLARK MAKES A QUICK SWITCH AND...

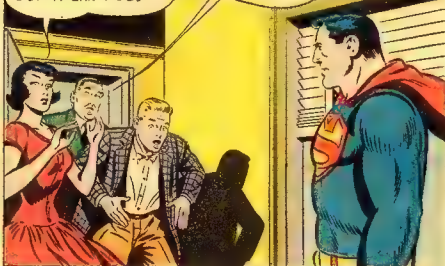
NOW TO STREAK AROUND THE BUILDING SO I CAN BE IN THE HALL BY THE TIME THEY GET THERE!



SECONDS LATER...

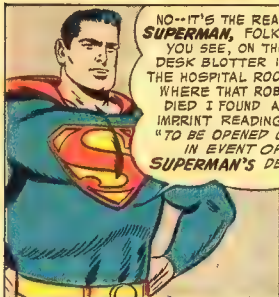
S-SUPERMAN!
BUT--IT CAN'T BE!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! ANOTHER ROBOT?



NO--IT'S THE REAL **SUPERMAN**, FOLKS. YOU SEE, ON THE DESK BLOTTER IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM WHERE THAT ROBBER DIED I FOUND AN IMPRINT READING: "TO BE OPENED ONLY IN EVENT OF **SUPERMAN'S DEATH!**"

I NEXT LEARNED THAT THE DYING ROBBER HAD DEPOSITED AN ENVELOPE WITH A RELIABLE ATTORNEY. AND AS I GUESSED, IT CONTAINED THE HIDING PLACE OF THE LOOT, BUT I HAD TO PROVE MYSELF DEAD TO GET IT OPENED BECAUSE IT WAS PROTECTED FROM MY X-RAY VISION IN A LEAD-LINED SAFE.



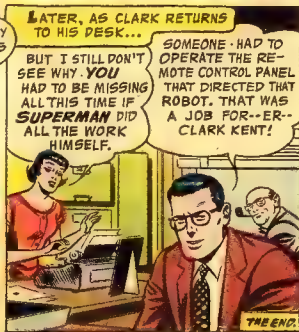
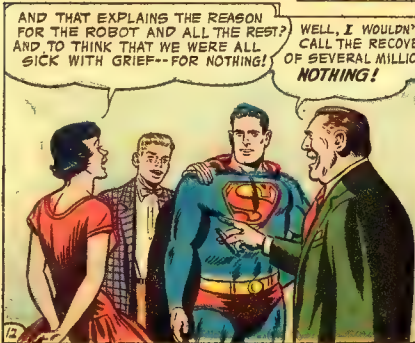
AND THAT EXPLAINS THE REASON FOR THE ROBOT AND ALL THE REST? AND TO THINK THAT WE WERE ALL SICK WITH GRIEF--FOR NOTHING!

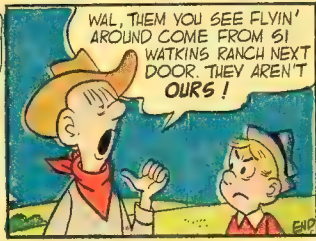
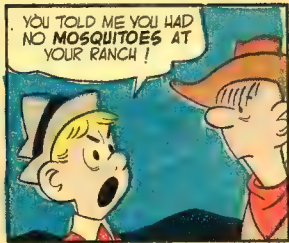
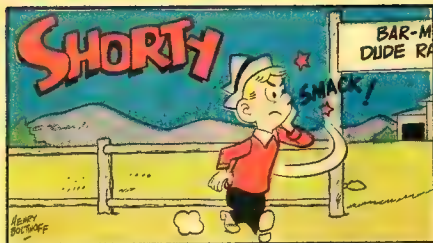
WELL, I WOULDN'T CALL THE RECOVERY OF SEVERAL MILLIONS **NOTHING!**

LATER, AS CLARK RETURNS TO HIS DESK...

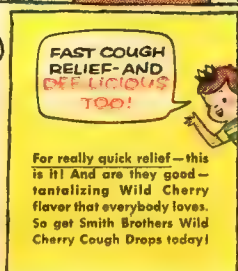
BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY **YOU** HAD TO BE MISSING ALL THIS TIME IF **SUPERMAN** DID ALL THE WORK HIMSELF.

SOMEONE HAD TO OPERATE THE REMOTE CONTROL PANEL THAT DIRECTED THAT ROBOT. THAT WAS A JOB FOR--ER--CLARK KENT!





ADVERTISEMENT



WINTER SPORTS

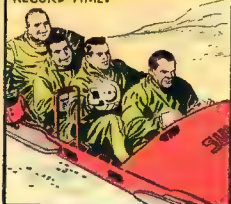
Champions of the WORLD

STARTED BY THE ANCIENT GREEKS, THE OLYMPIC GAMES STAND FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP THROUGH FINE SPORTSMANSHIP. ATHLETES OF 32 NATIONS GATHERED IN CORTINA, ITALY FOR THE FIRST PART OF THE 1956 OLYMPICS-- THE WINTER SPORTS.

OFFICIAL OPENING COMES AS GUIDO CAROLI, ITALIAN SPEED SKATING CHAMPION, PLACES THE OLYMPIC FLAME IN THE TRIPOD.



SWISS 4-MEN BOB-SLED TEAM THRILLED SPECTATORS AS THEY SPED DOWN THE 16-CURVE, 1700 METER (1.05 MILES). COURSE IN RECORD TIME.



AUSTRIA'S ANTON SAILER WON THREE EVENTS-- MEN'S SLALOM, MEN'S GIANT SLALOM AND MEN'S DOWNHILL.



WINNER OF THE LADIES' SLALOM-- RENÉE COLLIARD OF FRANCE.

U.S. STUDENTS WHO CARRIED OFF HONORS IN FIGURE SKATING: HAYES ALAN JENKINS, COLORADO COLLEGE,



AND TENLEY EMMA ALBRIGHT, RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WINNING SPEED SKATER BORIS SHILKOV, USSR, WHO DID 5,000 METERS (3.11 MILES) IN 7 MINUTES, 48.7 SECONDS.



ANTTI HYVARINEN, FINLAND, WAS JUDGED BEST JUMPER AMONG 51 CONTESTANTS.



OVER EVERY OLYMPIC CONTEST FLIES THE FLAG BEARING THIS SYMBOL OF THE SPORTING FRIENDSHIP OF ALL MANKIND. RINGS STAND FOR FIVE CONTINENTS. AT LEAST ONE OF THE COLORS--BLUE, YELLOW, BLACK, GREEN, RED-- APPEARS IN EVERY NATION'S FLAG. IN 1960 THE FLAG WILL FLY AT SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF. WHEN THE U.S. WILL PLAY HOST TO THE GAMES.

CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle
Boy

EVERY SAFARI YOU RECRUITS TAKE OUT ENDS UP IN DISASTER! CAN'T YOU MEN LEARN **ANYTHING?**

WHEN AN URGENT CALL GOES OUT TO OPEN UP A NEW, UNCHARTED TERRITORY, IT IS NONE OTHER THAN CONGO BILL WHO IS ASKED TO TURN A GROUP OF RAW RECRUITS INTO SKILLED SAFARI GUIDES. LITTLE DOES THE ACE ADVENTURER REALIZE THAT HE IS ACTUALLY TRAINING THEM TO LEAD...

"The DOOMED SAFARIS!"



ONE DAY, IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE CLEARING, A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE...

MEN, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO RECRUIT VOLUNTEERS WILLING TO BECOME SAFARI GUIDES IN THE NEW DIAMOND-RICH TERRITORY OF BOMBAZI, AND YOU HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL.



TO TRAIN YOU, THE GOVERNMENT HAS SENT US THE ONE AND ONLY CONGO BILL! HE'S TOUGH--BUT HE'LL TURN YOU INTO SAFARI GUIDES, IF ANYONE CAN!

THANK YOU, MR. DIRK...



BEING A SAFARI GUIDE ISN'T EASY, MEN! YOU MUST LEARN TO BE TOUGH--FOR THE LIVES OF MANY PEOPLE WILL DEPEND ON HOW WELL YOU KNOW YOUR JOB!



BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL KNOW THE HABITS OF EVERY BEAST IN THE BUSH--AND YOU'LL BE AS FAMILIAR WITH THE LAY OF THE LAND AS YOU ARE WITH YOUR OWN FACES! TRAINING STARTS AT DAWN TOMORROW... DISMISSED!



NEXT MORNING, AS CONGO BILL LEADS HIS RAW RECRUITS ON THEIR FIRST TRAINING SAFARI...

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AT ALL TIMES! AS SAFARI GUIDES, YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYONE FROM THE KITCHEN TOTO, WHO WASHES THE DISHES, TO THE GUN BEARER!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! A WHOLE PRIDE OF LIONS COMING AT US! SHOULD WE START SHOOTING?

NO! YOU'D USE UP ALL YOUR BULLETS, WITHOUT HITTING MORE THAN A FEW OF THEM! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA...



CUT LOOSE THESE DONKEYS CARRYING OUR MILK CANS...

YOU'RE GOING TO USE DONKEYS AGAINST LIONS? Y-YES, SIR...



NEXT INSTANT, AS THE DONKEYS, SCENTING THE LIONS, STAMPEDE IN FEAR...

SEE?... THE LIONS ARE PANICKING, BECAUSE THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT KIND OF BEASTS THESE ARE, TO MAKE SUCH SOUNDS! I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU A LESSON IN USING YOUR WITS!



WHWE! USING DONKEYS AGAINST LIONS EVEN NEW ON JANU, CONGO BILL!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, CONGO BILL
TIRELESSLY DRILLS HIS RECRUITS...

INSTEAD OF TAKING A
CHANCE ON MISSING A
CHARGING RHINO IN
THE DARK, USE YOUR
FLASHLIGHT!

THERE! WHEN I AIMED
THE BEAM ON THAT BUSH,
THE RHINO TURNED AND
CHARGED THE BUSH!

KEEP BEATING THE
WATER--AND THE
CROCS'LL STAY
AWAY!

REMEMBER,
YOU MUST KEEP
AN IRON
DISCIPLINE
OVER YOUR
SAFARI!

FINALLY, AT THE END OF THE LONG TRAINING
PERIOD...

WELL, CONGO BILL--
DID YOU WHIP THEM
INTO SHAPE?

THEY'VE WORKED HARD,
AND I THINK THEY'LL
MAKE FINE SAFARI
GUIDES NOW! I'M GO-
ING TO TAKE THEM OUT
ON TEST SAFARIS, FOR
THEIR FINAL EXAMINA-
TIONS!

THUS, AWHILE LATER, AS THE FIRST RECRUIT BEGINS
HIS "EXAMINATION"...

THAT'S IT, TOM... YOU
WERE SMART TO AVOID THE TALL GRASS,
WHERE ANIMALS MIGHT BE
LURKING...

JUST THEN...

CREEPING CATERPILLERS!
A KILLER ELEPHANT BULL
ATTACKING SAFARI!

KEEP YOUR HEAD,
TOM... YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

BUT AS THE RECRUIT FIRES...

WHAT--? MY BULLETS ARE
BOUNCING RIGHT OFF THE
ELEPHANT'S HEAD!

DUCK! I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
HIM!

BANG!



ACTION COMICS



AND AFTER BILL DROPS THE KILLER BEAST WITH A SINGLE SHOT...

THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION, TOM... YOU USED THE WRONG KIND OF BULLETS AGAINST THE ELEPHANT!

GOSH... I-- I WAS SURE I LOADED THE EXPRESS GUN WITH THE RIGHT KIND!



NEXT DAY, AS ANOTHER RECRUIT LEADS HIS TEST SAFARI...

GOOD WORK, JIM-- TESTING THE WIND SO YOU KEEP UP-WIND OF THOSE HIPPOS!

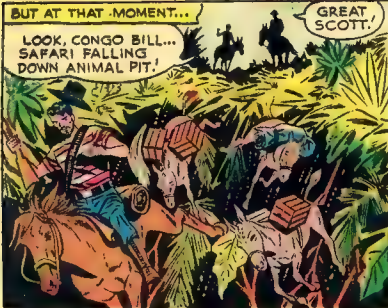
HE LEARN HIS LESSON GOOD, CONGO BILL!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK, CONGO BILL... SAFARI FALLING DOWN ANIMAL PIT!

GREAT SCOTT!



I'VE DRILLED YOU 1,000 TIMES ON HOW TO DETECT AND AVOID ANIMAL TRAPS... YET YOU LED YOUR WHOLE SAFARI RIGHT INTO ONE!

I-- I DON'T KNOW HOW IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED!

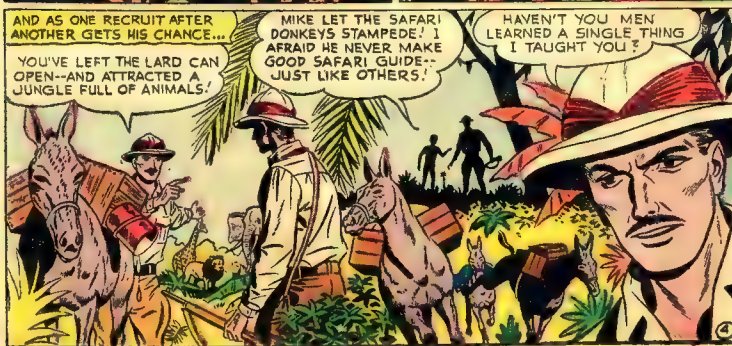


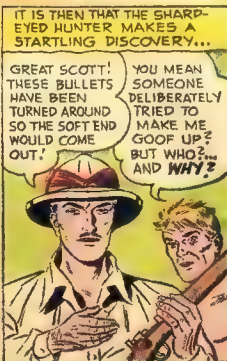
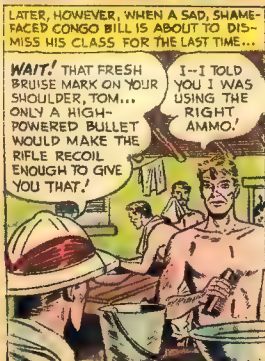
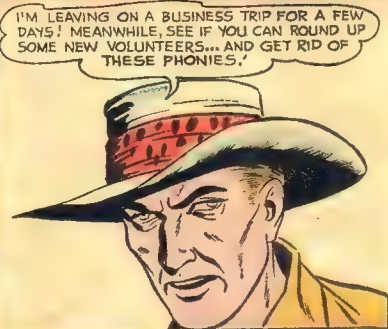
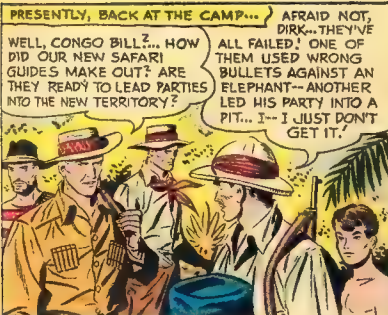
AND AS ONE RECRUIT AFTER ANOTHER GETS HIS CHANCE...

YOU'VE LEFT THE LARD CAN OPEN--AND ATTRACTED A JUNGLE FULL OF ANIMALS!

MIKE LET THE SAFARI DONKEYS STAMPEDE! I AFRAID HE NEVER MAKE GOOD SAFARI GUIDE--JUST LIKE OTHERS!

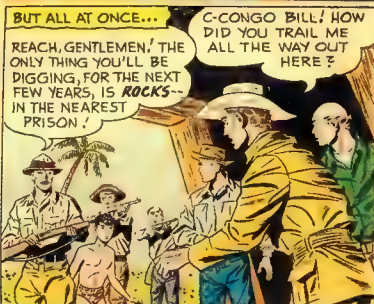
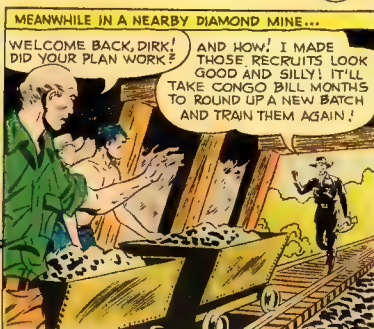
HAVEN'T YOU MEN LEARNED A SINGLE THING I TAUGHT YOU?







ACTION COMICS



315 STAMPS yours for only 25¢

GUARANTEED \$6.98 CATALOG VALUE! ALL DIFFERENT! ALL FOREIGN!

MONACO U. S. PRESIDENT SET

WASHINGTON - LINCOLN - F.D.R. - EISENHOWER



Grace Kelly
Prince Rainier
Royal Wedding
Stamp



You get everyone of the stamps pictured plus hundreds of other fascinating issues from all over the world. A wonderful start or a tremendous boost for your collection. Grand total 315 all different stamps—Catalog Value over \$6.98—but yours for just 25¢ to introduce our Bargain Approvals, which are included for free examination. Send 25¢ today—ASK FOR LOT 0000

FREE MIDGET ENCLOSURE NAME COLLECTOR QUIN—112 OF STAMPS



Tells everything you need to know to enjoy this wonderful hobby. You also get The Stamp Dictionary (definitions of terms used by collectors) plus The Stamp Identifier (how to identify foreign stamps)—ALL FREE!



Here's what you get: 1) Large Stamp Album 2) Steel Stamp Tong 3) Magnifying Glass 4) Watermark Detector 5) Perforation Gauge 6) 500 Hinges 7) Mystery Stamps -- Catalog value, \$2.00
Special! Imported collection 1000 different stamps of the world, \$1.50

ZENITH CO. 81 WILLOUGHBY ST., BROOKLYN 1, N.Y.

ZENITH CO., Dept. NG-11

81 Wiloughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I enclose Rush me the following:

..... Bargain Packet of 315 stamps plus

..... Encyclopedia of Stamps. Price, 25¢

..... Stamp Collector's Outfit—\$1.98

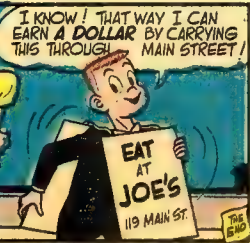
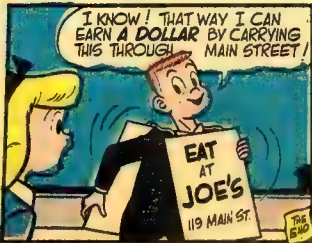
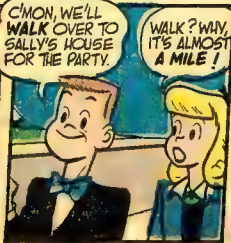
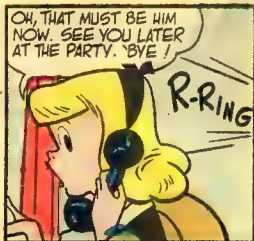
..... 1000 World-Wide Stamps—\$1.50

Also include Bargain Approvals for free examination.

Name

Address

City Zone State



THE END

VAR-SITY VIC

I ALWAYS LIKE TO READ ABOUT THE BIG SOCIETY WEDDINGS!

DO YOU EVER THINK OF MARRIAGE, VIC?

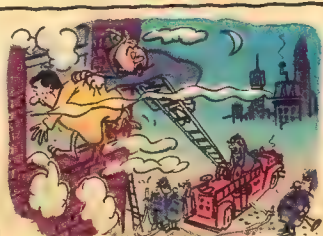
OH, YES. MANY TIMES!

BUT I WON'T MARRY UNTIL I MEET A GIRL WHO IS MY EXACT OPPOSITE!

WELL, THAT SHOULD BE EASY. THERE ARE QUITE A FEW INTELLIGENT GIRLS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

END

ADVERTISEMENT



"Says he'll walk down.
Wildroot Cream-Oil gives him confidence!"

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence !

Confidence begins with a smart successful appearance which naturally means well-groomed hair.

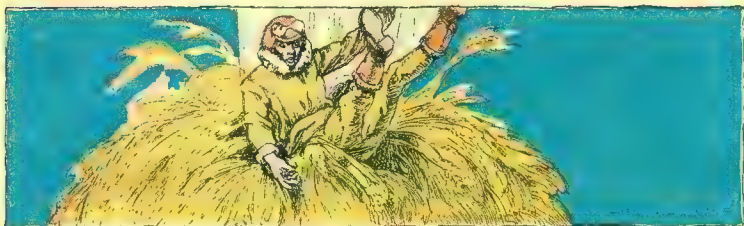
Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence because it keeps you looking your best, helps you make the right impression in any situation.

Keeps hair handsome and healthy looking the way Nature intended...neat but not greasy. Get Wildroot Cream-Oil, America's largest selling hair Tonic!



Non-alcoholic! Contains Lanolin
Nature's finest hair
and scalp conditioner!

I JUMPED 3½ MILES—and LIVED



His Plane Was Ablaze; He Had No Parachute—But an Ingenious Idea Suggested a Way to Survive

IT was an hour or so before my first flight with the Ardennes Air Freight Service. I was in the locker room, chatting with two other pilots who, like myself, had been combat pilots during the war.

The talk had started with forced landings—just shop talk, you understand—and had drifted to forced parachute jumps. Both Charlie Rafferty and Sam Dillon had had a couple of forced jumps apiece. I, Hank Lemmon, had been lucky.

"My crate was shot up a dozen times, but it always held together long enough to get me home," I said.

Charlie watched me pulling on my boots in silence. He looked miles away. Then he began to reminisce.

"I'll never forget the time my 'chute failed to open," he began. Sam and I turned sharply to him. "What happened? How'd you get down?" I asked.

"Grabbed hold of another fellow 'chuting right past me—and rode down on his 'chute!"

"Say, that's really something," exclaimed Sam, admiringly. "How about giving us the details?"

Charlie smiled and settled back. "Well, it all started . . ." But that's all I heard.

for at that instant, one of the bosses came in and told me my plane was all warmed up and ready to go.

I gave my gear a quick check, and told Charlie I'd be back to hear the rest of the story.

Minutes later, I took off. All that talk of forced jumps had made me a little leery, and I turned to make sure that my 'chute was still hanging on the rack where I'd put it.

The weather was what we pilots call "on the nervous side." It felt like rain, though the skies were clear. Humidity was high, winds erratic.

I was anxious to make good on my first commercial job, but I was worried. And not only about the weather. The engine had coughed twice right after the take-off; and while that could mean absolutely nothing, it could mean trouble, too.

I was just passing over a valley when a terrific updraft caught hold of my plane and tossed it skyward as if it were a toy balloon. The average person has no idea how powerful those winds can be. Downdrafts—the reverse of what had just hit me—have been known to take a four-engined plane and smash it downwards to the ground.

The valley was covered with newly-harvested hay. The stacks stood up in neat

rows, inclining only a little by a gentle breeze. Yet, above it was an updraft powerful to shove a plane hundreds of feet! Hard to believe.

I flew on for a few minutes more. Then, I heard that ominous cough from the engine again. I was considering the possibility of taking the ship back when it happened!

Above the roar of the engine, I heard the din of the blast. And from the way flaming gasoline came shooting down almost the entire length of the fuselage, I knew my fuel tank had exploded.

At the same moment, I felt the plane heel over out of control.

This was it! I'd have to bail out—and it was no comfort to know that it was not my fault that my first assignment had failed.

I turned and reached for the 'chute I'd left hanging on the rack. What I saw made my hair stand on end.

My 'chute was a mass of fire!

I tore off my jacket and began beating away at the flames, but it was hopeless. Besides, I knew that even if I'd succeeded in smothering the fire, the 'chute was too far gone to be usable.

What to do?

The way the fire was spreading, I knew the plane couldn't last more than a few minutes. Even my boots were beginning to burn.

I looked down. I was just passing over some jagged, rocky hills.

I had a clear choice between being burned in the sky, or leaping out to my death. But I was sure that the end result would be the same.

And then I remembered something. I remembered that terrific updraft that had sent my plane into the air like a toy balloon. I also remembered those rows of harvested wheat.

It was a million-to-one shot, but at least I had *some* odds going. I turned the plane around and headed for the valley.

I reached it just in time. Both wings left the plane as if they'd been shot off. The plane began to plummet. I yanked open a sizzling hot door and dove into space. I was then 18,000 feet from the ground—three and a half miles up in the air!

I can still recall my exact sensations. The first, of course, was fear. But as soon as I cleared the plane, my fear disappeared. I was aware of no sound, not even the sound of the plane as it spun crazily before going into its last dive. But I could see quite clearly the stacks of wheat below.

For the first second of fall I must have been going down at about 175 feet a second, my body descending in a tumbling motion. I closed my eyes, and the sensation of falling vanished. In fact, I felt no motion at all. It seemed as if my body were motionless, and reclining in a feather bed.

But I wasn't kidding myself. That's the natural feel when you're plummeting to earth. That wasn't the "feeling" I was waiting for.

That feeling came next instant. It was the feeling of pressure I suddenly got *below* me—that is, the powerful force of the updraft that was the only thing between me and the ground.

The big wind hit me hard from below. It didn't send me skywards the way it sent my plane, for I have less surface than a plane for the wind to grab. But it *did* cut down the rate of fall.

And all I could remember after that was a jarring thud.

When I came to, my boots were gone, and my flying suit in shreds. I was lying in the middle of a stack of wheat. I felt fine—and the night sky looked wonderful.

My plan had worked. The updraft had slowed down my fall—and the stack of wheat had arrested the impact still further.

Back at home base, I asked Charlie to finish his story. He smiled. "I think I'd rather hear *YOUR* story, Hank," he said.

Tommy TOMORROW

SPACE FORT KNOX

THE WEALTH BURIED UNDERGROUND IN THE FORT KNOX OF 1936 IS NOTHING, COMPARED TO THE VAST RICHES OF NINE PLANETS, IN THE YEAR 2056! CAN A CRIMINAL MASTER-MIND, WITH HIS MASTER-ROBOT, SEIZE THE GREATEST LOOT IN THE UNIVERSE? ONLY TOMMY TOMORROW, COMMANDING AN AMAZING CREW OF ROBOT PLANETEERS, CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SAVE... THE INTERPLANETARY FORT KNOX

CROOKS ARE LOOTING THE SPACE FORT KNOX, WITH THE HELP OF A SUPER-ROBOT! FOLLOW ME, MEN!

LEAD ON, SIR!

IN THE YEAR 2056, A BUSY ASSEMBLY LINE, RUN BY ROBOT WORKERS, OPERATES DAY AND NIGHT, PRODUCING MORE ROBOTS!

NUMBER X-49, YOU WILL REPORT FOR DUTY IN THE RADIUM MINES, WHERE HUMANS CANNOT SURVIVE!

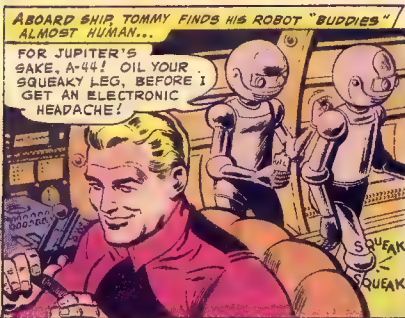
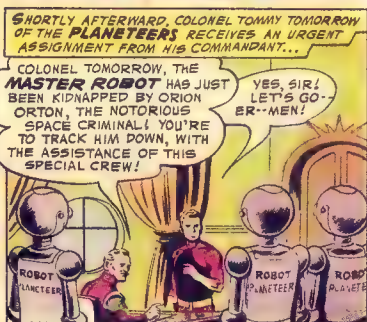
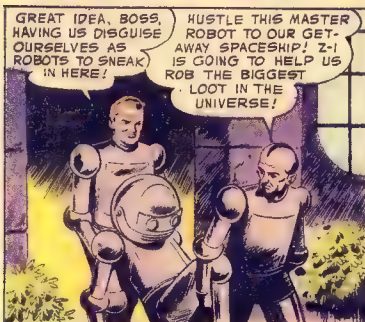
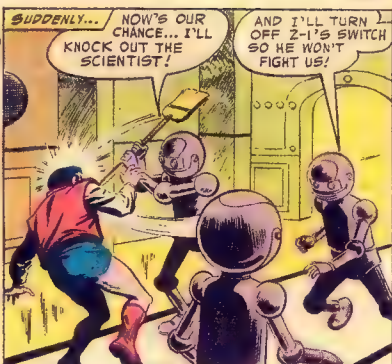
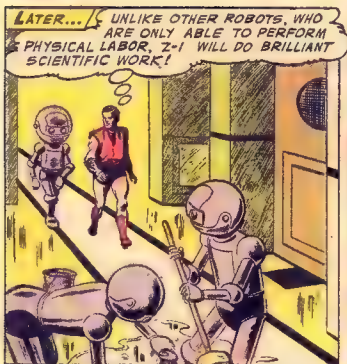
I OBEY, SIR!

ASSEMBLY
END OF
III A...

MEANWHILE, WHERE ENGINEERS TEST THEIR LATEST MODEL...

THIS IS THE FORMULA FOR COSMIC RAY POWER!

AMAZING! THIS MASTER ROBOT HAS THE INTELLIGENCE OF A DOZEN HUMAN GENIUSES! THERE IS NO PROBLEM WHICH Z-1 CANNOT SOLVE!

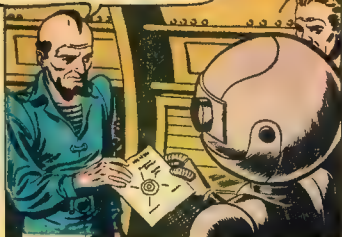
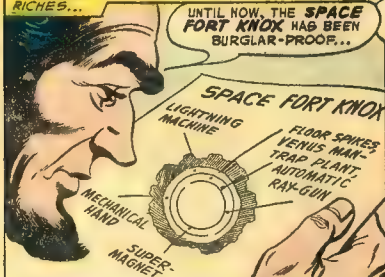


INSTEAD OF HUMAN GUARDS, AMAZING ANTI-CRIMINAL DEVICES PROTECT THE VAST INTERPLANETARY RICHES...

UNTIL NOW, THE **SPACE FORT KNOX** HAS BEEN BURGLAR-PROOF...

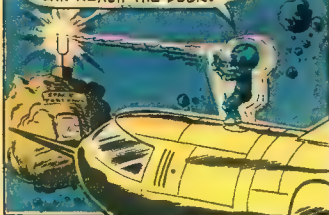
...BUT THIS **MASTER ROBOT** WILL CRACK IT FOR US! WE FIXED HIS CIRCUITS TO OBEY ONLY MY VOICE! NOW, Z-1, HOW CAN WE SILENCE THE **VIBRATORY GUN**?

THAT IS SIMPLE.



AFTER CLIMBING OUTSIDE THE SHIP...

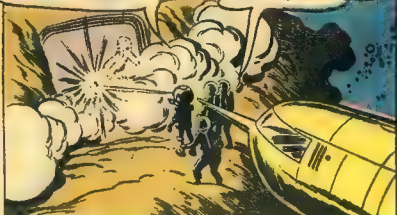
BY VIBRATING RAPIDLY MYSELF, LIKE A TUNING FORK, I CREATE WAVES WHICH CANCEL THOSE OF THE **VIBRATORY GUN**! NOW YOU CAN REACH THE DOOR!



FORCED TO OBEY THE CRIMINALS' COMMANDS, THE **MASTER ROBOT** ALSO GAINS ENTRY FOR THEM!

USING MY COSMIC-POWER UNIT, I WILL RADIATE THE DISINTEGRATION RAYS FROM MY EYES!

Z-1 WILL GET US SAFELY PAST ALL THE ANTI-BURGLAR DEVICES INSIDE, TOO!



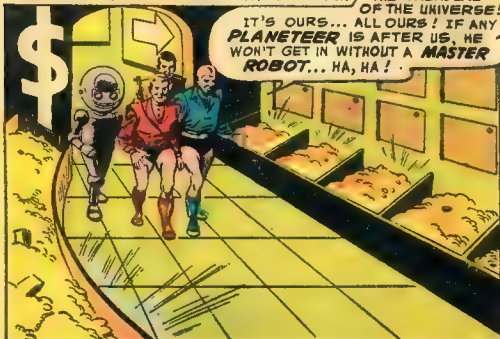
SURE ENOUGH, WITHIN A FEW SHORT MINUTES...

THE TREASURE OF THE UNIVERSE!

IT'S OURS... ALL OURS! IF ANY **PLANETEER** IS AFTER US, HE WON'T GET IN WITHOUT A **MASTER ROBOT**... HA, HA!

INDEED, WHEN TOMMY TOMORROW ARRIVES...

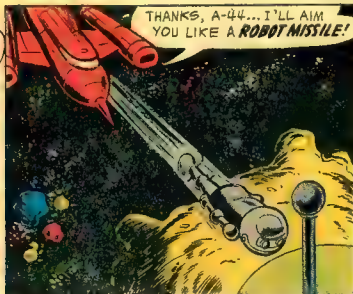
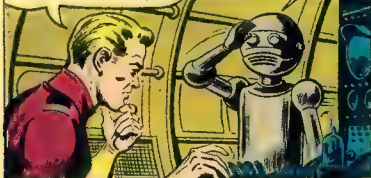
THE DOOR'S BEEN BLASTED OPEN... THE CROOKS GOT IN! BUT I-- I CAN'T GET PAST THAT **VIBRATORY GUN**! MUST I WATCH HELPLESSLY, WHILE THEY LOOT THE PLACE?



IT IS THEN THAT TOMMY CONCEIVES A UNIQUE PLAN...

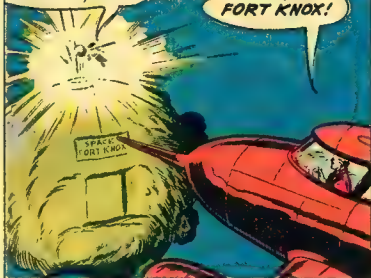
HMM... USING REMOTE-CONTROL IMPULSES, I COULD SEND YOU RAMMING INTO THE **VIBRATORY GUN**! BUT... IT'S ALMOST LIKE SENDING A HUMAN TO HIS DEATH!

I'M WILLING, SIR! AFTER ALL, I CAN EASILY BE REBUILT!



THERE... THE **VIBRATORY GUN** IS KNOCKED OUT! GOODBYE, SIR...

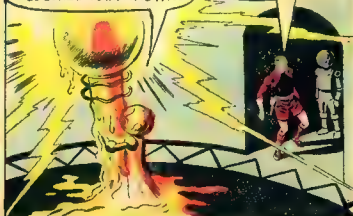
GOODBYE, A-44... NOW WE CAN ENTER THE **SPACE FORT KNOX**!



AND INSIDE, WHEN TOMMY'S WAY IS BLOCKED, ANOTHER ROBOT MUST SACRIFICE ITSELF...

BY TURNING RED-HOT FROM THE BOLTS, I CAN MELT THIS **LIGHTNING MACHINE**! GOOD LUCK, COLONEL TOMORROW...

HE'S MELTING, TOO! ROBOT OR NOT, THAT TOOK BRAVERY!



WITH HIS REMAINING ROBOT, TOMMY EVADES OTHER DEADLY ANTI-BURGLAR DEVICES...

CARRY ME ACROSS THIS BED OF SHARP SPIKES!

I'LL DESTROY THIS **VENUS MAN-TRAP PLANT**!

PROTECT ME FROM THAT **AUTOMATIC RAY-GUN**!



BUT, FINALLY, TOMMY LOSES HIS LAST METAL COMPANION...

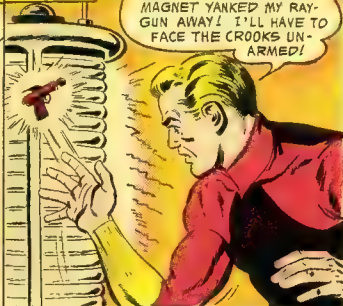
LET THE MECHANICAL HAND CRUSH ME, SIR, WHILE YOU RUN PAST!

GOODBYE, V-66! IF I MEET MORE HAZARDS, I'M ON MY OWN!



ABRUPTLY...

WHAT--? A POWERFUL MAGNET YANKED MY RAY-GUN AWAY! I'LL HAVE TO FACE THE CROOKS UN-ARMED!



BUT THE FINAL SETBACK COMES WHEN TOMMY ATTEMPTS TO CREEP UP ON THE LOOTERS...

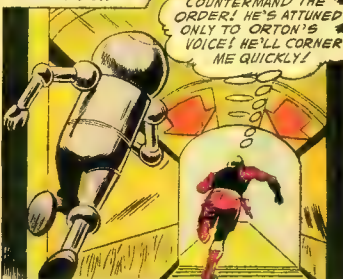
OOPS... I TRIPPED!

WHAT'S THAT? TOMMY TOMORROW, EH? CAPTURE HIM, Z-1!



WHAT CHANCE HAS TOMMY, PURSUED BY A SUPER-INTELLIGENT ROBOT? ...

I CAN'T COUNTERMAND THE ORDER! HE'S ATTUNED ONLY TO ORTON'S VOICE! HE'LL CORNER ME QUICKLY!



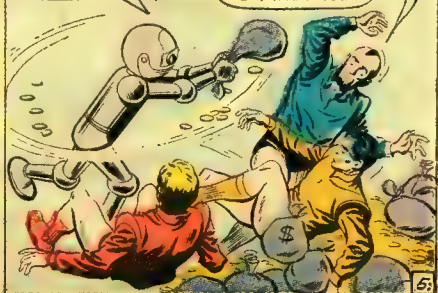
SOON...

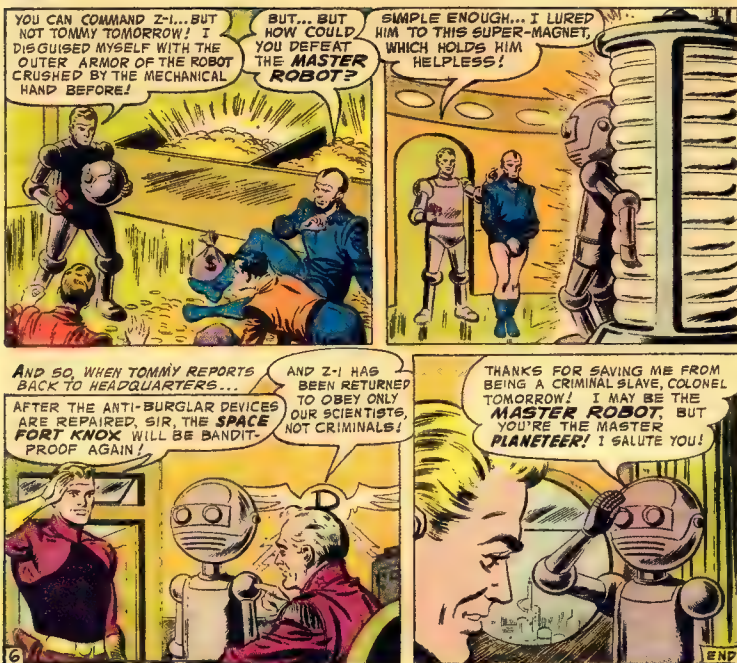
I CAUGHT THE INTRUDER AND LOCKED HIM IN A VAULT, SIR!

GOOD WORK, Z-1! NOW HELP US LOAD THE GOLD!

I'LL HELP YOU ALL RIGHT--INTO JAIL!

YIPES! HAS THE ROBOT GONE WILD? STOP, Z-1... STOP! I COMMAND YOU!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

EH FRXUWHRXV WR
ROG IRONV, UHVSHFW
WKHLU GLJQLWB, DQG
JLYH WKHP WKH WKR-
XJKWIXO FRQVLGHU-
DWLRQ WKHB GHVH-
UYH

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

FEB.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

SUPERGRAM

the SUPERMAN PUZZLE GAME



Comic
Clue

THIS JUST
NEVER GROWS UP!



1	A WEAPON						
2	FIT TO BE EATEN AS FOOD						
3	YOU'LL FIND THIS on a GOLF COURSE						
4	DIRTY or FILTHY						
5	TO TAKE A LONG STEP						
6	FRANK; OUTSPOKEN						

DIRECTIONS

THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD. HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT-- SIX MISSING WORDS ARE DEFINED ABOVE. ONE LETTER IN EACH MISSING WORD HAS ALREADY BEEN INSERTED. PRINT THE 6 WORDS, A LETTER TO A SQUARE. THIS DONE CORRECTLY, YOU MAY NOW ARRANGE THE ENCIRCLED LETTERS TO SPELL THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE. THINKING CAP ON-- PENCIL READY? HAVE FUN!

Answer

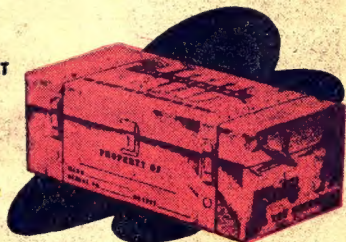
1-DAGGER 2-EDIBLE 3-CADDIE 4-SORDID 5-STRIDE 6-CANDID (Comic Clue Answer - LDCCL)



100 Toy Soldiers \$1.25

**100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!!**

- ★ FUN TO SHOW
- ★ FUN TO TRADE
- ★ FUN TO COLLECT



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Officers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Waves |
| 4 Battleships | 8 Wacs |
| 4 Cruisers | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Sailors | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannon |
| 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksmen |

JOSELY CO., DEPT. TNC-12

1472 Broadway

New York 36, N.Y. NO

HERE'S MY \$1.25 ! C.O.D.'s

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name

Address

City State

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

Mother

God took the Burghine
from the Siles
And made the Lovelight
in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with His love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I Lay me down
To Sleep
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

The Way Of The
CROSS
IS HOME

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

Love
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

God Bless
OUR
HOME

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. D-12 P. O. Box 1004
Nashville, Tennessee

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU
CASH or PREMIUMS!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

If you mail coupon at once
— we'll send you exciting
new "PUZZLE FUN" free
of charge.

MAIL COUPON BELOW

MAIL
COUPON

Footballs,
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

Fishing Outfits
Flashlights
... 1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles

ACT
NOW!

WE ARE RELIABLE!
Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to start.

ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

LET'S
GO

OVER 62 YEARS • WE ARE RELIABLE! • MAIL

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 115-NC Tyrone, Pa.

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART
PICTURES -

THAT'S
FOR ME!

SAY! THAT CAMERA
DIDN'T COST
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!
YOU MUST HAVE
STRUCK A
URANIUM LODGE!

DIDN'T COST
ME A DIME-
JUST GOT IT FOR
SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

**EXTRA FREE GIFT FOR
MAILING COUPON NOW**

You'll receive "PUZZLE FUN" — a
thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 18
riddles. All real stumpers but easy
when you know how — and we give
you all the answers. Work 'em on your
friends — they'll think you're a real
smarty! Great fun for everybody!

MAIL COUPON

Dozens of wonderful premiums (sent
postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures
with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neighbors,
relatives at 35c a box (with
picture). Rush coupon
to start.

**WE ARE
RELIABLE!**

**OVER
62 YEARS**

MAIL COUPON

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 115-NC Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order. postage paid to start. Be sure to send my
FREE "PUZZLE FUN".

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



Radios,
Candid Cameras with carry-
ing cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid)
... Mail coupon to start.



**WE TRUST
YOU!**

22 Cal.
Rifles, Arch-
ery Sets, School
Boxes, Wallfets.
Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to start.

Boys',
Girls' Wrist
Watches, Cook
Books, etc.
ACT NOW!



Food Choppers, Carving
Sets, Bibles,
Mail coupon.
LOOK!

Footballs, Tele-
scopes (sent postage
paid), Boys', Girls' Bi-
cycles (express
chgs. collect).
ACT NOW!



Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to start.

ACT
NOW!

Fishing Outfits
Flashlights
... 1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles

Footballs,
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

MAIL
COUPON